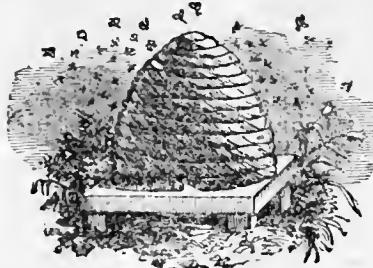


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL. 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1867.

NO. 8.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

CAN it be possible that the youth in our engraving is about to give battle to that mighty giant, who seems to be waiting with scorn a short distance off so that he may come near enough for him to kill him? Can it be that he is so rash, so foolhardy? Yes; it is so. He is about to engage in a combat with the giant; but he is neither rash nor foolhardy. He has counted the cost, and is well aware of what he is doing. But listen, and we will tell you the story much as it is given in the Bible.

In the days of Saul, the first king of Israel, there lived in

his mind to send to the camp his youngest boy David, who, on account of his youth, had not gone to battle with Saul, so that he might learn through him how the rest of his sons were doing. "My son David," said he, "take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare and take their pledge."

David was very pleased with this errand. He desired to see his brothers, and wanted also to look at the soldiers and the camp, and if possible to witness a battle. Before long he was on his way to where the armies lay facing each other, on two hills, with a valley, called Elah, between them.

David's journey was soon completed; he reached the camp in safety; met his brethren; delivered his message; presented his father's gifts, and having nothing else to do he strolled round the camp, admiring the fine horses, the beautiful chariots, the soldiers with their bright armor and weapons shining in the morning sun.

Bethlehem, an aged farmer, whose name was Jesse. This man was the son of Obed and the grandson of Boaz and Ruth, a portion of whose history was given in the second number of this volume of the JUVENILE. Now Jesse was the father of eight sons—fine, strong, brave fellows, who assisted him to guard his flocks and herds; but at the time we are writing about there was a war in the land, and his three eldest sons had left him to fight in the armies of king Saul.

The Philistines who lived to the south-east of Canaan (the country where the Israelites dwelt) had marched forth from their own country into that land, and Saul had led forth his armies to fight them, and, if possible, to drive them back on to their own domain. As you may suppose all Israel was anxious to know how the war progressed. Among the rest Jesse desired greatly to hear of the welfare of his sons. At last he made up

his mind to send to the camp his youngest boy David, who, on account of his youth, had not gone to battle with Saul, so that he might learn through him how the rest of his sons were doing. "My son David," said he, "take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare and take their pledge."

He watched them with youthful enthusiasm march forth in line of battle to meet the enemy, who were also drawing near from the other side of the valley. Chancing to look towards the Philistines, he was astonished to see a man of immense size, (about eleven feet high) clad from head to foot in polished armor, come out from their ranks and advance towards the Israelites. This man he was told was named Goliath of Gath—aftor a city of his people. He was followed by a man, who carried his shield, while he himself had a huge spear in his hand, and a sword equally large in proportion by his side. With a heart full of pride in his huge size and great strength, he stood between the two armies, and cried aloud for the Israelites to send forth a man to fight with him; if their champion won the battle and killed him, then would the Philistines be the servants of the Israelites; if, on the other hand, he slew his



opponent, then was Israel to serve the Philistines: adding, "I defy the armies of Israel this day: give me a man that we may fight together."

What was our shepherd boy's surprise, when not one of the mighty men of war who followed Saul accepted Goliath's challenge. Instead of doing so they all fell back in fear as he drew near. His surprise was still greater when told that for more than a month the giant, with the same scornful bearing, had hurled his defiance at their hosts, and no one dared to answer him. Not even the great promises of reward and honor held out by the king to any one who would take up his defiance, could tempt them. David felt ashamed of his countrymen; he grieved for their cause. Was there not one, thought he, in all the nation who had faith enough in the God they served to trust in His arm for deliverance in the unequal contest? Had all forgotten how often He had delivered them from their enemies when all human aid failed? If no one else offered, he would go himself and prove to both armies that the protection of heaven was still extended to those who trusted in the Lord instead of their own strength. In words somewhat to this effect, he told his brothers his intentions. They, very naturally, laughed at his ideas, and told him to go back to his flocks and not trouble his head with what did not concern him. David was not so easily put off, and he went round the camp talking to the soldiers, and telling them what he would do if he could have his way. His words soon reached the ears of King Saul, who at once sent for him, and asked him, how ever he could think of fighting the giant. David then related to the king how he had fought and killed a lion and a bear that attacked his father's flocks when he was herding them, and he would, by the help of the Lord, serve the Philistine in the same way; for as the Lord had delivered him out of the paw of the lion, and of the bear, so would he deliver him out of the hand of the Philistine. Then, said Saul to him "go, and the Lord be with thee."

Saul wished David to put on his armor and gird on his sword; but he preferred to wear his own clothes. So taking his shepherd's staff in one hand, and a sling in the other, he went down to the brook and picked up six smooth pebbles, which he placed in a little bag that hung by his side, and with these simple weapons, but full of faith in the God of his fathers, and in the justice of his cause, he advanced to meet the Philistine.

To be Continued.

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT III.

UNCLE GREGORY RESUMES THE STORY. —

THE boys, hearing his cry, tried to reach him; but were so alarmed they lost their presence of mind. John struck boldly out, and seizing him by the hair of his head, maneuvered to get him safe to shore more frightened than hurt. Of course John was quite a hero with the boys, and they thought if he could only smoke what a man he would be. This little accident put an end to their swimming, and they commenced to dress, talking over the narrow escape of their companion, and how every one was just going to drag him out, if John had not been before them. It is astonishing that after an accident of any kind how brave some can talk of what they were going to do. So it was with some of these boys, who were so afraid their

companion was going to be drowned, that they lost their presence of mind and could render no assistance; but when all was over, Oh what great things they were going to do. Boys, if ever you get into danger, strive to keep cool and think what you are about.

The boys were soon at-home; and in the evening, as John was preparing his lessons for the next day, he could not help looking at his grandfather, who sat in the chimney corner calmly smoking his pipe. John watched the blue wreaths of smoke forming all sorts of fantastic clouds as they arose from the mouth of the old gentleman, or curled upwards from the bowl of his pipe. Grandpapa seemed so quiet and thoughtful, that John thought there must be some enjoyment in smoking that his father had never experienced and knew nothing about. He determined to try the effects of a pipe at the first opportunity.

A few days after, as he returned from school in the evening, his parents being out on a visit, he went into the parlor and there lay grandpapa's pipe and a box of tobacco. Now thought John is the time for me to try the effects of a smoke. I am not going to be called a baby, because I cannot smoke. He put down his books, took up the pipe, and filled it with tobacco, as he had often seen his grandpapa do before, and stole out into the garden where there was a very pretty summer house that his father had built. He struck a light with a match, and commenced to smoke. He took a few draws, and the smoke got into his eyes and made him cough; but he was determined to try, therefore he drew the smoke through the pipe and puffed away more slowly than before. He found by doing so, that he did not cough so badly, and he felt proud that he could smoke a pipe like grandpapa. He had not smoked long, however, when a strange sensation came over him, a dizziness in the head, a strange singing in the ears, and a dreadful feeling of sickness. He put down the pipe, and leaned his head in his hands, when a feeling of faintness caused the cold sweat to break out on his forehead. Oh! what shall I do, thought poor John, what ever can be the matter with me? I dare not tell any one. Oh, that I had never touched that nasty pipe! He thought he would try to get to bed before his parents came home, but before he could get to the house he was very, very sick. However he took up the pipe, and tried to reach the house and hasten to bed; but as soon as he got to the house, he met his father and mother, who had just returned from their visit. There stood poor John, pale as death, the cold perspiration standing in great beads upon his brow, holding in his hand the cause of all his suffering—the pipe.

"Whatever is the matter with you, John, you look quite sick?" asked his father.

Poor John could stand it no longer, and bursting into tears, cried, "Oh father I have been very foolish. I have been trying to smoke this pipe, and it has made me feel so ill; I feel as though I was going to die."

His mother seeing the state of affairs, and feeling that her son had been sufficiently punished, exclaimed: "Well, John, you had better go to bed," and, taking him by the hand, led him to his bedroom. But John was very ill. He had vomited, and the retching had quite upset him, and a fever set in that caused him to keep his room for many days. The doctor was sent for, and John had to take many a bitter draught; but it proved in the end a great lesson to him.

A PLEASANT word in the morning, which is a kind feeling coined into expression, may keep two hearts aglow and sunny all day.

He who says what he likes, shall hear what he does not like.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

MY FIRST MISSION.

I WANT to tell my young friends something about my first mission to preach the gospel of Christ to the world. After Joseph the prophet had led Zion's camp to Missouri, and we had passed through all the trials of that journey, and had buried a number of our brethren, as given in history, the prophet called the camp together, and organized the church in Zion, and gave much good counsel to all. He advised all the young men, who had not families, to stay in Missouri and not return to Kirtland. Not having any family I stopped with Lyman Wight, as did Milton Holmes and Heman Hyde. We spent the summer together laboring hard, cutting wheat, quarrying rock, making brick, and anything else we could find to do.

In the fall I had a desire to go and preach the Gospel. I knew the Gospel which the Lord had revealed to Joseph Smith was true, and of such great value that I wanted to tell it to the people who had not heard it. It was so good and plain, it seemed to me I could make the people believe it. I was but a teacher, and it is not a teacher's office to go abroad and preach. I dared not tell any of the authorities of the Church that I wanted to preach, for they might think I was seeking for an office.

I went into the woods where no one could see me, and I prayed to the Lord to open my way so that I could go and preach the Gospel. While I was praying, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and told me my prayer was heard and that my request should be granted. I felt very happy, and got up and walked out of the woods into the traveled road, and there I met a high priest who had lived in the same house with me some six months. He had not said a word to me about preaching the gospel; but now, as soon as I met him, he said, "the Lord has revealed to me that it is your privilege to be ordained and go and preach the gospel." I told him I was willing to do whatever the Lord required of me. I did not tell him I had just asked the Lord to let me go and preach.

In a few days a council was called at Lyman Wight's, and I was ordained a priest and sent on a mission into Arkansas and Tennessee, in company with an elder. This mission was given us by Elder Partridge, who was the first bishop ordained in the Church.

The law of God to us in those days was to go without purse or scrip. Our journey lay through Jackson county from which the Saints had just been driven, and it was dangerous for a "Mormon" to be found in that part of the State. We put some Books of Mormon and some clothing into our valises, strapped them on our backs, and started on foot, crossed the ferry into Jackson county and went through it. In some instances the Lord preserved us, as it were by miracle, from the mob. We dared not go to houses and get food, so we picked and ate raw corn, and slept on the ground, and did any way we could until we got out of the county.

We dared not preach while in that county, and we did but little preaching in the state of Missouri. The first time I attempted to preach was on Sunday, in a tavern, in the early part of December, 1831. It was in a snow storm and the room was full. As I commenced to speak the landlord open'd the door, and the snow blew on the people, and when I inquired the object of having the door open in a snow storm, he informed me he wanted some light on the subject. I found it was the custom of the country.

How much good I did in that sermon I never knew, and probably never shall know until I meet that congregation in judgment. In the southern portion of Missouri and the northern part of Arkansas, in 1831, there were but very few inhabi-

tants. We visited a place called Harmony Mission, on the Osage river; (look on your maps, children, and you will see it is one of the most crooked rivers in the west.) This Mission was kept by a Presbyterian minister and his family. We arrived there on Sunday night at sunset; we had walked all day with nothing to eat, and were very hungry and tired. Neither the minister nor his wife would give us anything to eat nor let us stay over night, because we were "Mormons," and the only chance we had was to go twelve miles farther down the river, to an Osage Indian trading home, kept by a Frenchman named Jereu. And this wicked priest, who would not give us a piece of bread, lied to us about the road, and sent us across the swamp, and we wallowed knee deep in mud and water till ten o'clock at night in trying to follow this crooked river. We then left the swamp, and put out into the prairie, to lie in the grass for the night. When we came out of the swamp, we heard an Indian drumming on a tin pail and singing. It was very dark, but we traveled toward the noise, and when we drew near the Indian camp quite a number of large Indian dogs came out to meet us. They smelt us, but did not bark nor bite. We were soon surrounded by Osage Indians, and kindly received by Mr. Jereu and his wife, who was an Indian. She gave us an excellent supper and a good bed, which we were thankful for after the fatigue of the day. As I laid my head on my pillow I felt to thank God, from the bottom of my heart, for the exchange of the barbarous treatment of a civilized Presbyterian priest, for the humane, kind and generous treatment of the savage Osage Indians.

May God reward them both according to their deserts.

W. W.

"THE VOICE OF A STRANGER."

WE read this passage in John x. 4, 5: "And the sheep follow him; for they know his voice; and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." In eastern countries, where flocks and herds make often the chief possessions of the people, they are very watchful over them. Shepherds come to know every sheep in their flocks, and sometimes have names for them. It was in allusion to this custom, when our Savior said, "He calleth his sheep by name."

We read not long since, of a man in India, who was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and another man who claimed the sheep was also present. Both had witnesses to prove their claims; so that it was not easy for the judge to decide between them.

But knowing the customs of shepherds, and the habits of sheep, the judge ordered the sheep to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal, not knowing the "voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the mean time, the other man, who was in an adjoining room, growing impatient, and having a suspicion of what was going on, gave a kind of a "cluck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once.

This "cluck" was the way in which he had been used to call his sheep, and it was at once decided by the judge that he was the real owner. So he ordered the sheep, which would not harken to the stranger's call, to be given to the shepherd whose voice he knew.

We are God's sheep, and if we listen, we will hear him calling to us. Not in a voice coming to our outward ears, but in a still small voice, heard in our hearts. When something tells us to do wrong, that is, the voice of a stranger, and we should flee from it, but the voice that tells us to be kind, merciful, pure, obedient, honest, forgiving and just, that is the voice of the Good Shepherd, and if we follow Him, he will lead us into green pastures, and by still waters. — *Selected.*

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

APRIL 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



Our little readers ever think, in looking at the sun rise above our eastern mountains, that it is the sun which actually rises? A person who did not know better might think that the sun does rise, and that the earth on which we live stands still. If you were to be placed on a steamboat sailing on a river, and were to look at the land on each side, you would think that the land was moving. You would know, of course, that the land could not be moving; but that it must be the boat. So it is on the earth. The earth moves but the sun appears to us to move. The earth turns over, or makes a complete revolution in about twenty-four hours. Therefore the sun does not appear to us at the same moment that it does to the people east and west of us.

Any of our little readers who wish to get an idea of the movement of the earth can do so in a simple way. Take a candle or a lamp, and let it be in the place of the sun, and then take an apple or a ball and stick a pin in each end. By holding the pins in your fingers, and letting the ball roll over towards the light, you will see how the light of the sun strikes the earth and gives the appearance of the sun rising and setting.

If we travel from this city to the east, the day begins earlier. We travel towards the point from which the sun appears. And if we go towards the west, the day begins later. If we were to go from here to the Missouri river, we would find sun-rise there over an hour earlier than it is here. A thousand miles eastward the sun rises an hour earlier than it does here; and a thousand miles westward it rises an hour later. When the little boys and girls who live in this Territory are rubbing their eyes and thinking about getting up, the boys and girls in New York have had their breakfasts and have gone to school, and the children in England are probably eating their dinners. But to the west of us, in California, the children, when it is sunrise here, are likely fast asleep in their beds, for it is still night there. It is the sun which brings the day.

Suppose we were to start westward, and to travel at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. This is about the rate at which the earth revolves or turns. We start at sunrise on Sunday, just as the sun begins to peep over our eastern mountains. If we were to travel at this speed westward, and go clear round the earth, the sun would get no higher at our back, we would bring sunrise with us at every place along our line of travel. We bring sunrise with us to Carson city, Sacramento, San Fran^cco. At all these places it is still Sunday morning. We call at the Sandwich Islands as we go, and we find by looking at our watch that we have been about three hours from home; but it is still Sunday morning. We keep on across the broad Pacific, for our journey is a long one, and we reach Hong Kong. Here we find that the day has changed. It is Monday morning. But we do not stop, we keep on traveling. It is Monday morning at every point we touch, and when we reach home it is sunrise on Monday morning. We have made the trip around in twenty-four hours.

A company of our elders left this city in the Fall of 1852, on missions to various places. Among them were several for the East Indies. From Brother A. Milton Musser's journal, who was one of the party, we learn that they landed at the mouth of the Hoogley river, near Caleutta, on Sunday, April 24th. This was the American time, according to their journals. But when the pilot came on board they found that it was Monday, the 25th of April. This change of the day is always made when half way round the earth from Greenwich. Greenwich is a very noted place in England, from which astronomers begin to measure around the earth. Halfway around from Greenwich is a point in the Pacific ocean. Sailing from the east to the west across this point a day has to be skipped; and in going from the west to the east across it, a day has to be added.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

INSERTED IN NUMBER SIX, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. What royal warrior did Abram conquer in a night of battle? CHEDORLAOMER. Genesis xiv chap., 13 to 16 verses.
2. What warrior led a vast army across a deep river without the aid of bridges or boats? JOSHUA. Joshua iii chap.
3. What priest had his two sons slain in a great battle? ELI. 1 Samuel iv chap., 11 verse.
4. What celebrated warrior was the father of seventy sons? GIDION. Judges viii chap., 30 verse.
5. What king having a very long name was subdued by Othniel? CHUSHAN-RISHATHAIM, king of Mesopotamia, Judges iii chap., 9—10 verses.
6. What place did Othniel smite and capture, and gained a wife thereby? KIRJATH-SEPER, Joshua xv chap., 16—17 verses.
7. What king was hung on a tree, and buried in the ruins of his own city? THE KING OF AIA. Joshua viii chap., 29 verse.
8. What judge was the father of thirty sons and thirty daughters? IBZAN OF BETHLEHEM. Judges xii chap., 8—9 verses.

CATECHISM

FOR OUR JUVENILES.

Re-published from No. 6, with their answers:—

41. What wicked act of cruelty did the mob do to Joseph on a night in March, 1832? The mob burst into his house when he was asleep and carried him out. They then tore off his clothes, beat him severely and covered him with a coat of tar and feathers. They tried to choke and poison him, and in other ways endeavored to kill him. But the Lord preserved his life.
42. Who were the chief leaders of the mob? Apostles; who were ever the most bitter enemies to Joseph.
43. When did Joseph start for Missouri, to visit the second time the place which the Lord had said should be the centre stake of Zion? On the 2nd April, 1832.
44. What happened to him and brother N. K. Whitney, when returning to Kirtland? They were traveling in a coach when the horses took fright. Brother Whitney tried to jump out; his foot caught in a wheel and his leg was broken in several places. They stopped at a tavern in Indiana, when poison was given to Joseph in his food. He vomited large quantities of blood and poisonons matter.
45. How was the power of God made manifest in their behalps. Brother Whitney administered to Brother Joseph and he was instantly healed.
46. What was the title of the first paper ever published in Missouri?

The Evening and Morning Star.

47. Who made arrangements for publishing it? and when was it published?

The Prophet Joseph; the first number was issued June, 1832.

48. When did the prophet Joseph see for the first time Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Young?

In November, 1832.

49. Where did any of the brethren first speak in tongues? and who were those brethren?

In Kirtland; Brothers Brigham Young and John P. Green.

50. What did Joseph then predict concerning President Brigham Young?

That the time would come when he would preside over the whole church.

Correct answers to the above were given by G. R. EMERY.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A TRUE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

IN the year 1849, that is about eighteen year's ago, a great many people passed through Great Salt Lake city on their way to the gold mines of California. Some of them were so late in the season that President Young advised them to go to California by what is called the southern route, instead of the northern road which was becoming dangerous, on account of the approach of winter with its cold and storms; he also offered to furnish them a guide. So they staid in Great Salt Lake City a few days, preparing for the journey, and then started south under the guidance of Capt. H——. For a time everything passed off very pleasantly, the weather was fine, traveling good and all the members of the company seemed to enjoy themselves. But by and bye some became dissatisfied, and, when some man came along who professed to know a shorter and easier way to California, all the discontented ones, and as many more as they could persuade to do so, followed him. Capt. H—advised them not to go, telling them they would get into trouble; but they disregarded his counsel, left the plain road and their guide and went off into the mountains. They soon found they had got themselves into difficulty and wished, when too late, that they had followed the advice of their guide. They lost their way in the midst of the mountains, and, as they had no leader in whom they had confidence, they split up into several parties. Their sufferings were terrible; many died of hunger and thirst in the midst of the deserts, others killed and eat their mules and horses when they could travel no farther, while some were glad to eat even the hoofs and hides of their oxen and the leather of their boots and harness. All these hardships and sufferings they would have escaped if they had continued to follow their leader, and those who did so arrived safely, and without suffering at their destination. "O! you will see, what foolish people." So they were; but are not some of you, who read this, often just as foolish? God has given you parents, teachers and kind friends to guide you in the path of safety and virtue. Yet do you never prefer to have your own way, and pont and look cross, and act in a very naughty manner, if your papa or mamma wishes you to do something that does not exactly please you? Sometimes children are so obstinate and wicked that they will have their own way; but they always get into a great deal of trouble, and often see their error when it is too late.

The Lord has also given us a leader to guide us to heaven, and if we follow him and do as he tells us we shall be sure to get there safely. That guide is President Young. As there are a great many people who wish to go to heaven, and they all cannot always see President Young, he has appointed a number of other men to assist him in guiding the people so that none of them need to lose the way. But some persons think they know

better than their parents, better than their teachers or bishops or even Brigham Young, and think they can find a shorter and easier road to heaven than by following him. But such persons always get into difficulty and see trouble and sorrow.

Now if any one should ever try to persuade you to forsake your guide and try some new road to heaven, just think of this story and don't pay any attention to them. Remember that Brigham Young is the guide that God has given us, and the Bible, Book of Mormon and Book of Covenants are our guide books to show us the way and to tell us of any dangerous places and how to avoid them, and if we follow them we shall be sure to be right.

S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE LEOPARD.

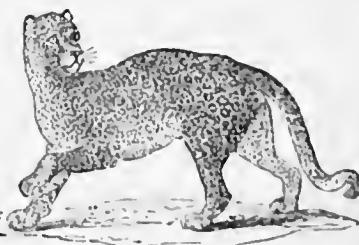
THE Leopard is one of the most beautiful animals in the world; yet few would think in looking at it, that it would be so ferocious and cruel.

These brief articles on various members of the animal kingdom are not intended to do more than awaken an interest in the study of natural history, on the part of our juveniles; hence our sketches are necessarily brief.

The Leopard is a member of the cat tribe, with a slight mixture of the dog nature in it. Who that sees the domestic cat gently purring around the fire side, would ever imagine that the most cruel and deadly of all the animal kingdom belong to the same species. Yet it is so. The tiger, one of the most cruel of animals, is a kind of cat; and the Leopard is another of the same tribe of animals.

As can be seen by looking at our illustration, the Leopard is a beautiful looking animal, and its spotted skin is considered a treasure among furs.

It is about four feet in length, and is sometimes mistaken for the Panther, which is nearly the same in appearance, though the latter is something larger, with the spots on its skin more distinctly formed.



Besides the common Leopard there is an animal of the kind, in India, which is used for hunting, and is known as the Cheetah, or Hunting Leopard. It can be domesticated to an extent. It is intermediate in size between the common Leopard and the hound, and it may be commonly seen in East Indian families, where it is sometimes chained in an apartment as a dog is occasionally chained up in this country. Yet at no time can the Cheetah, or the Leopard, be entirely trusted, for all the animals of the tiger or cat kind are treacherous.

The Leopard is widely known, being a native of Africa, Persia, India, China, and many of the Indian islands.

THE OVEN BIRD.—In South America there is a bird that builds its nest of clay, and shapes it like an oven; and for this reason it has been called the "Oven Bird." The Israelites, when under task-masters in Egypt, were compelled as you know, to make bricks. And we read, that they mixed straw with clay. Among the ruins of Babylon, and other Eastern cities, half-burned, or sun-dried bricks, are found at this day with the grass and straw still in them.

Now this curious oven bird does, from instinct, just what

reason, taught by necessity, led the Israelites, and other ancient brickmakers to do. In building his dome-shaped nest of the wet clay he gathers by the river banks, he mixes in straw and grass, and they help to keep everything in shape until the hot sun of the tropics bakes the clay nearly as hard as brick. The nest has two chambers, made by running a wall of clay across from side to side. In the inner chamber, which is nearly dark, the mother bird lays her eggs on downy feathers, and then hatches her young.

The oven bird is brown in color, slenderly built, and about the size of the lark. He is a bold-looking fellow, and very active; always running or walking about very fast, or flitting from bush to bush in search of the insects on which he feeds. He is to be found on the banks of South American Rivers.

Selected.

Book of Mormon Sketches.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE VISIT OF JESUS TO THE NEPHITES.

THE subject of this sketch is one of the most interesting and beautiful contained in the Book of Mormon. Some little time after the occurrence of the terrible events described in our last chapter—but precisely how long we are not informed—a large multitude of people were gathered round the temple in the land Bountiful, conversing about the sign that had been given of the death of Jesus, and the awful judgements that accompanied it. While thus conversing with one another they heard a voice as if it came out of heaven; it was not a harsh nor a loud voice, but although gentle, it pierced all who heard it to the centre of their souls, causing every part of their frame to quake and their hearts to burn. Not understanding the voice they looked round to see where it came from, and the third time they heard the voice they understood it; and it said unto them, "Behold my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name: hear ye him." The people again looked up towards heaven, and saw a man descending out of heaven, clothed in a white robe, who came and stood in the midst of them, and the eyes of all the people were turned upon him, and they did not dare to speak, thinking he was an angel. And he stretched out his hand to the multitude and said, "Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified should come into the world; and behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning." And when Jesus had said these words the whole multitude fell to the earth; for they remembered that it had been prophesied that Christ should show himself among them after he had ascended to heaven.

And Jesus commanded the people to arise and come and thrust their hands into his side and to feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet; and when they had done so, they fell down at his feet and worshipped him. Jesus then called to him Nephi and eleven others and gave them power to preach the Gospel and baptize all who repented of their sins. After some time spent in instructing them in regard to the duties of their office and in teaching the people, Jesus prepared to take his departure to his Father in the heavens; but as

he looked round upon the multitude and saw them all in tears and gazing earnestly upon him as if they would ask him to stay a little longer with them, he was filled with compassion towards them, and called for all that were sick or blind or lame or maimed in any way among them, and healed them all, and as many as could get near Jesus fell down and worshipped him, kissing his feet and bathing them with their tears. He then prayed with them in a most wonderful and beautiful manner and their souls were filled with a joy that no one can conceive unless they have experienced it. Having called for their little children he took them, one by one, and blessed them and prayed unto the Father for them, and angels descended out of heaven and ministered to these little ones and encircled them about as if by fire, and the whole multitude saw it and bore record of it. Jesus then called all the people to sit down upon the ground, while he blessed bread and wine and gave it to his disciples to distribute among the multitude, in remembrance of his body which had been broken and his blood which had been shed for them; after which he ascended again into heaven.

THE STEP-MOTHER WREN.—One morning there was a great outcry in the garden. A cat had caught and killed a little wren, the mother of a large family. All the birds in the garden cried out "For shame!" and the cat ran away half in terror, half in shame; but it did no good, the mother wren was dead. By and bye the other birds returned to their own homes, and the father wren seeing that he could not take care of all his little ones alone, flew away too, and was gone some time. After a while he came back, bringing a little lady wren with him, and she went to work to help him take care of his little ones, just as if they had been her own. All day long they flew back and forth bringing food to the little family, and at night she covered them with her wings. I am sure it was very good of her to take care of them in this way, and if the little baby wrens had known as much as some boys and girls, I suppose they would have been very grateful to her for taking such good care of them when their own mother was dead. All that I understand very well, but I do not see how the father wren made the little lady understand that their mother was dead, and that he wished her to come and help him take care of the birdies. I suppose the birds have some language of their own, but I did not suppose it was so copious as that would seem to indicate.

Selected.

"When'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it;
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

"For sloth says falsely, 'By and bye
Is just as well to do it;'
But *present* strength is surest strength;
Begin at once and do it.

"And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorn bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it."

SHUT YOUR EARS.—Shut your ears when bad words are said. Do not let them get into your memories, for they may trouble you all your lives. If you are not made low and wicked by them, says a writer, but grow up to be pure men and women, "you will be all the more sorry for the impure spots left in your mind, which will stick like pitch to you, and which you cannot burn or wash away."

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

LLUDING to the difficulties with which he and the saints had to contend during these days, Joseph said: "They [the Missourians] are continually chaffing us, and provoking us to anger if possible; one sign of threatening following another. But we do not fear them; for the Lord God, the Eternal Father, is our God, and Jesus, the mediator, is our Savior, and in the Great I AM is our strength and confidence. We have been driven time after time, and that without cause, and been smitten again and again, and that without provocations, until we have proved the world with kindness, and the world proved us that we have no design against any man or set of men; that we injure no man; that we are peaceable with all men; minding our own business, and our own business only. We have suffered our rights and our liberties to be taken from us; we have not avenged ourselves of those wrongs. We have appealed to Magistrates, to Sheriffs, to Judges, to Governors and to the President of the United States, all in vain. Yet we have yielded peaceably to all these things. We have not complained at the Great God. We murmured not; but peaceably left all, and retired into the back country, in the broad and wild prairie, in the barren and desolate plains, and there commenced anew. We made the desolate places to bud and blossom as the rose; and now the fiend-like race are disposed to give us no rest."

This is a plain and powerful testimony respecting the wrongs endured by the Latter-day Saints at the hands of their enemies. A prophet of the living God wrote it, and it will live as a terrible record against the men whose crimes it describes, until the vengeance of an offended God is fully satisfied. The recollection of their deeds can not be blotted out, for they were written in characters of blood. Woe to that people who persecute the Saints of God and shed their blood! It would be better for them had they never been born. Already has the soil of Missouri in the late civil war been stained by the blood of many of those guilty men and their families; and the end is not yet! The blood of innocence does not cry in vain to the Lord.

The excitement against the saints still continued to increase. The mobbers collected from all quarters to Daviess county, and the report came to Far West on September 8th, 1838, that they were about to attack Adam ondi-Abuman. That day a few of the brethren went to the assistance of the saints in that place and the next morning another company went there. Hearing that a team was going there from Richmond, loaded with guns and ammunition for the mob, a company of ten mounted men, under captain William Allred, went from Far West to meet it. They found the wagon broken down, and the boxes of guns drawn into the high grass near the wagon. There was no one with the wagon when the brethren found it, but three men soon hove in sight. They were arrested, and with the guns, were taken to Far West. After the arrest of these men the facts were stated to Judge King by letter, and he was asked for his advice as to the proper manner of disposing of the guns and

prisoners. He said in reply, "turn the prisoners loose;" he was at a loss to give any advice about the guns; but, said he, "they shall not through any agency of mine be taken from you to be converted and used for illegal purposes." Under the same date, however, this judge advised General Atchison: "to send two hundred or more men and dispel the forces in Daviess and all the assembled armed forces in Caldwell, and cause those Mormons who refuse to give up, to surrender, and be recognized, for it will not do to compromise the law with them."

We describe this occurrence for you to see, children, the hypocrisy of this judge. Outwardly to Joseph and the saints he wanted to appear smooth, while at the same time he was their enemy. It would not do to compromise the law with the "Mormons." Oh, no; Judge King thought that would be very wrong; but it was all right for the mob to drive off and kill the saints, and the saints were very naughty for not letting them do so. This is the spirit the enemies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had then; it is the spirit they have now.

There were many things occurred in those days which forcibly remind us of circumstances that we have here in these valleys. We will relate one. A William Dryden, justice of the peace in Daviess county, wrote a long letter to Boggs, the Governor of the State. He said, that he had issued a writ against Alanson Ripley, George A. Smith and others for assaulting and threatening Adam Black on the eighth of August last, and that the officer with a guard of ten men, in attempting to serve the writ, was forcibly driven from the town where the offenders were supposed to be, and that the "Mormons" were so well armed and so numerous in Caldwell and Daviess that the judicial power of the counties was wholly unable to execute a writ against a "Mormon," and that the "Mormons" held the "Institutions of the country in utter contempt," with many more such lies of the blackest kind. Boggs, on receiving this letter, issued an order, through his adjutant general, to General David R. Atchison, to raise a sufficient force of troops under his command, and aid the civil officers in Daviess county to execute all writs and other processes in their charge, and especially to assist the officer who had the writ issued by justice Dryden for the arrest of Alanson Ripley, George A. Smith and others, and bring the offenders to justice.

This contemptable justice of the peace, could by his lies, move the Governor of the state of Missouri to instant action; but the cries of hundreds of saints for protection and justice he would not notice. The saints pled again and again for peace, and for aid to defend their homes against the mob. Were they listened to? No; they asked in vain. So it has been since the Saints came into these mountains. They have sent petition after petition, stating their wishes to those in authority; and though they have been the voice of a numerous and great people, they have been unheeded. But a letter filled with lies from some low, wicked judge would touch them to the heart in a moment. "Oh! we must do something immediately with the Mormons. They are a very bad people. Judge Whiskey drinker says so and it must be so. We must send troops to whip them into subjection."

You can see, children, that the mobbers are not all dead yet. Neither has the spirit they had in Missouri staid there. Wherever the people of God go, the devil will follow them with his lies. If he can get any man to give him room for his spirit in this valley he will be as mean and hateful and murderous as the mobbers in Missouri were.

Nothing gives more freshness to existence than the consciousness of being useful to others.

Original Poetry.

Lines FOR THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
We hail, right heartily;
A radiant conductor
Of light, to minds made free.
It meets a cheerful welcome,
From the blossom of our home,
With joyful exclamation,—
"Papa, our paper's come."

At eve around the fireside
Our youthful ones draw near;
See how their faces brighten
As the simple truths they hear;
The little Pet, just learning
To lisp some broken word,
Mimic's her sister reading
Till naught but laughter's heard.

Thus may our little children
Imbibe the words of truth,
Still growing with their reason,
And strength'ning with their youth.
It is, to see them thus engage,
Pleasure without alloy,—
Instead of vulgar ribaldry,
Sweet sentences employ.

Go, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,
Visit each "Mormon" home,
Remove all trace of error,
And for the truth make room;
Then show thy heavenly mission,
To elevate the mind
Of children here in Zion,
And they, in turn, mankind!

Provo.

S. S. J.

Correspondence.

DRAPER, MARCH 25, 1867.

Dear Editor.—In reading your valuable little paper I noticed a short communication concerning the Sunday schools of your city, which I was very much pleased to see. I am also pleased to inform you of the existance of one in our staid little place. Our Sunday school was inaugurated in the year 1857, since which time it has been steadily progressing. We have eight teachers, five of whom are male and three female. The books used in our Sunday school are the Book of Mormon, which is read in two classes, the New Testament in which there are also two classes; and McGuffey's First reader which is read in four classes. We also have a Sunday school library which we recently obtained from the east, and which we anticipate will be of great interest and benefit to our school. We are doing what we can to interest the juveniles of this place in the matter of education, and they seem to be progressing finely. Your paper is a welcome visitor and is of inestimable value to us as an assistant in our Sunday school efforts. The children all look forward with eagerness for its arrival, and if it does not come regularly they seem much disappointed.

JAMES L. STEWART.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, April 10, 1867.

EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:

Dear Sir.—I am very happy to say that we take your little paper, which is a pleasure looked forward to with great interest. I am very sorry that little George has stopped; but I hope that uncle George will have a pleasant journey and return home in safety. I pray for the saints everywhere every time I pray, which is regularly; I am going to school at present, and can read the paper myself as I am in the fourth reader. I expect the JUVENILE and bye. If you will read this through you will oblige your loving juvenile.

SUSIE.

We hope that Susie will continue to take pleasure in reading those things which will give her true knowledge and lay the foundation within her of a life of future usefulness, that she may grow up to be a wise woman among the people of God.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

BY E. M. McG.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 11, 4, 3, 6, 8, 13, is a river, also a lake in Utah.

My 11, 4, 9, 10, 8, is a river in France.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 15, 8, is a far-famed city in Italy.

My 15, 18, 4, 12, 8, is an isle in the Mediterranean, and at present is a state of rebellion.

My 6, 13, 17, 5, is a county of Utah.

My 7, 9, 5, 10, is a county of Oregon.

My 4, 13, 6, 8, is a noted lake drained by the St. Lawrence river.

My 5, 9, 7, 8, is a great river in East Africa.

My 14, 10, 9, 17, 5, is a seaport town in Central America, and also a village in Utah.

My whole is a friend, imparting instruction to the youth of Utah.

The following have sent correct answers to the Charade in No 6—D. Billings; A. N. Billings jr; D. W. Patten; W. J. Lewis; M. E. Crompton; D. Daniels; T. Whitbey; W. Bate.

The answer is JONATHAN, and the words which compose it are: *John, Hannah* the mother of Samuel, *Nathan* who reproved king David, and *Jonah*.

WE have a few sets of Volume One of the INSTRUCTOR on hand, which those wishing to purchase can have by applying at this office.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

*Is published in Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,
ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.*

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....	\$3 00
Single Copy, for Six Months.....	1 50

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Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.